light afforded me sufficient guidance,

## The MAID of \* \* the FOR RANDALL PARRISH . . . ILLUSTRATED 6 D. J. LAVIN

SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for manner of atroctites, also headed for Fort Harmar, with a message from the British general, Hamilton, Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private solder. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Raoul D'Auvray, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is pussled by her insistance that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man sher father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward who resembles the American. They find escape from the Island cut off. Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him Island cut off. Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him for dead after a desperate fight. The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded. Rene saves Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the celiar of the cabin. Hayward discovers a half breed negro in the celiar. They engage in a fierce fight which ends when the negro accidentally butts his brains out against the low roof of the celiar. Hayward meets his double, Joseph Hayward of the British army. The latter admits that he had held D'Auvray latter admits that he had held D'Auvray a prisoner in the cabin, but that he knew nothing about his death. His object in detaining D'Auvray was to help incite the Wyandots to war. The Britisher declares

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

Her eyes wandered from me, whom she located by voice, toward the Englishman, who remained silent, his scarlet coat conspicuous in the glare. A moment their glances met, his face showing white and drawn, hers I could

"Oh, so it is you, is it!" a metallic ring to the low voice. "I thought you



"Please Stand Back, Monsieur; This Is My Affair."

were safely away before this. And you have been hiding here. I ought to have suspected that. Now I remember, you knew of the tunnel." He did not answer, although I saw

his lips move. What was the man afraid of? He had been sharp and snappy enough with me.

"I think you mistake, mademoiselle," I interposed, shocked at the expression of the man's face. "He has told me how it occurred; it was another who killed your father." "What other?"

"A negro half-breed; I encountered him in the passage; we fought it out

there in the dark." "Alone? Where was this-this man ?"

"He was lying unconscious beyond,

next to the entrance.' "And-and," the words trembled on her lips, "you-killed the negro?"

struggled together; then he fired at uniform. He has no authority and you those two advancing figures. me, and in the flash eaw my face. The sight seemed to frighten the man, for he broke away, and endeavored to run. In his haste he forgot the lowness of the tunnel, struck his head against a sharp projection, and died." She stood motionless, her hands pressed to her forehead. Suddenly she turned from me, and faced him.

"Who was it?" she asked at last, her voice like ice. "Tell me the truth-was it Picaud?"

He dropped his eyes, with an odd gesture of the shoulders. The girl's rifle flashed to a level, so quickly I could not even throw out my arm. "Say yes, or no! Please stand back,

monsieur; this is my affair." "Yes," the word seemed dragged from him.

"And you told monsieur here the ne gro killed my father? You said that?" His lips moved, but no sound came forth from them. She waited a breath- children were small, but a visiting part.

dare repeat that to me," she burst all. Scarcely had the text been anforth passionately, her whole body nounced when a messenger boy from trembling. "You thought you could the telephone office rushed in in search tell him, and he would believe you; of the doctor. would pity you, and let you go. You . "The minister paused in his dis-

COPYRIGHT A.C.MECLURG & CO., 1915 That I will avenge myself? Is that what you fear?" He muttered something in Indian

dialect I could not understand. "You say that to me! You dare say that! You are a bold man to try and threaten me now. Ay, do it thenmonsieur," and she stepped aside facing me, "this brute of an Englishman claims to be my husband."

"What," I exclaimed in shocked surprise. "He told me be attempted to make love to you, but failed, yet hinted that marriage might have been pos-

"He did venture that far. Then, monsieur, I will tell you the truth. He won my father to him-God alone knows how-and persuaded me to go through the tribal ceremony. To me, a Christian and a French woman, that mockery of form means no more than to him. It was the price I paid for

"But the Wyandots?"

"In their eyes I am this man's squaw," her voice trembling with scorn, her hand pointing at him. "But in the eyes of God, I am not. His hand has never touched me-never will. Monsieur, I had to tell you." "And I am glad you did. It is better

for me to know." "Oh, I begin to see," broke in the prisoner, finding his voice. "'T is not my appearance that you object to, mademoiselle, only you prefer the

Yankee edition. I strode forward threateningly.

"You low-lived coward--" "No, monsieur, let him talk," and she caught my arm. "We have no time now for a personal quarrel. We must save a man's life."

"His?" "Monsieur Brady's. There is but one way. 'T was for his sake, the endeavor to save him from torture, that was so long in coming here. I did all that D'Auvray was murdered by the segro, out of vengeance. that was in my power, but those Indians are not of my tribe. They might listen to me, but for the Englishman who leads them. He is heartless, more cruel than any savage; moreover Brady struck him, and he suspects me of aiding you to escape. There is no mercy in him, and I have falled. They mean to burn him at the stake, and I could do no more."

> horror. "Yonder on the mainland. I could not remain to witness the scene-I could not, monsieur. I was under guard, but stole away in the darkness, and came here, praying I might find

"Where are they now?" I asked in

you yet waiting. Now I know God has She turned from me, her eyes on his face.

"Are you any relative to Monsieur whom you resemble so much?" He laughed unpleasantly,

"Lord, I hope not-if so the connection is too remote to be considered. have no desire to claim any Yankee cousins. Why?"

"The reason is not material. I want you to hear me. I do not know you killed my father, but I suspect not spare him?" it, and am certain you lured him to that did the deed, it was done at your desire. I would be justified as a Wyandot in killing you-even this American would grant me the right-but I afraid?" am going to spare you, Monsieur-on one condition."

"What?" The very sound of his voice proved his realization of her serioueness.

"That you accompany me to the Indian camp yonder, and help me save that white man's life."

"What do I care-"You care for your own, no doubt. Only on such a pledge will you go forth from here alive."

"You threaten to kill me?" "It is hardly a threat-it is a certainty, monsieur." "Tell me the plan then," he said

roughly. "I can control the Indians," she went on, "if the Englishman does not inter-

"Who is the fellow?" "The fur trader-Lappin."

He stared into her face; then laughed insolently.

"Then the game is up. By the gods, it would be more likely he burned me. You make sport to suggest I could influence that monster."



have. You can accomplish the rescue of this prisoner if you have the courfor you to say-yes, or no. "Answer the lady," I commanded

sternly. His eyes settled on my face; they were furtive, cowardly,

"Oh-well-I'll go," he said slowly good you'll get out of it, I promise

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Fire in the Clearing. "Go on now," I commanded grimly, "and do not forget. Mademoiselle, do

you go first, and show the way. I will keep good guard of the rear." He climbed the stairs, muttering savagely, with me following so close behind, the muzzle of my gun touched

his back. "I am playing safe," I muttered dark.

ter to the gloom of the mainland.

It was like a grotesque picture in a tween me and Lappin. frame. Before the fire, mostly with

ing figures, of arms flung in air, of breath. brandished guns, and streaming hair.

harder on the Englishman's shoulder why come-back?" as I watched. Brady advanced behim with a sticl; a vicious blow, and of the Great God." Lappin jerked him forward between the chiefs and the fire. The warriors | we listen-to a-squaw? The warriors sat there impassive, emotionless, their of-the Shawnees-are men." eyes cold and merciless. Brady looked into that ring of savage faces with- they are as the birds of the air. Once out a quiver, throwing back his shoul- they came to the villages of the Shawders, blood trickling down one cheek. nees. You know it well-they were It even seemed to me his eyes smiled. Then one of the chiefs spoke without rising, in deep guttural voice. I heard the words, but they were meaningless, a jumble of sound, yet somehow meanswered my prayers. He has shown nacing, gruff with threat. The discordant yelling ceased, and a dark mass of forms clustered beyond the blaze, drawing together in a half circle behind the prisoner. The light played over dark sinister faces and

> sparkled in the wild savage eyes. The girl stepped backward, noiselessly, until she stood beside me, her hand touching my arm.

"We are here in time," she whis pered, "but can delay no longer." "He is condemned then? They will

"The chief speaks in Shawnee, and his death. If it was Picaud's hand I know little of the tongue, but there is no mercy in his words." "And you mean to go out there, to

face those flends? Are you not She smiled, a sad, brave smile up into my eyes.

"Monsieur, I must," she said pleadingly. "It is not only his life, but my duty. I leave my rifle here, and bear this; with Christ I am not afraid."

And in her clasped hands, reddened by the flames, I saw a crucifix. "Mademoiselle, if this man speaks a word of treachery; if by look or ges-Well, monsieur, it hangs by a hair. ture he attempts to play us false, will

you give me a sign?" 'Yes, Monsieur." "Clasp your hands like this about your head; it will be his death war-

rant. Now, sir, are you ready?" There was hate in his eyes, but was glad of it.

"Oh! but I'll get you for this. Yes, I'm ready, you clod of a Yankee peasfere. It will be your part to command ant! but you'll pay before ever you get out of these woods-oh, Lord! you'll pay.'

I half thought he would spring at me, and drew back, my rifle lifted. But he only laughed, his lips snarling, and strode past crunching his way through the thicket. I caught the swift upward glance of the girl's eyes -a message of thanks, ay! more-"I do not," her face changeless in and she had followed him. I sprang its expression. "There is nothing for aside amid the trunks of trees, confiyou to laugh at. I know you two are dent I could not be seen, that every "No, mademoiselle, I did not. We enemies, but he dare not ignore your savage eye would be riveted upon



Hurry Call Brought Physician and Family Out of Church, but It Was Soon Fixed Up.

This story is told by a country doctor's wife to illustrate some of the trials and uncertainties of the profes-

"We had gotten pretty much out of the way of attending church when our cousin, wishing to attend service in "That was a lie! You would not the West, we ventured out, baby and

pour eyes. You think me an Indian? ways partial to the bead of the house, | sas City Star.

NOT REALLY A SERIOUS CASE | began howling lustily to accompany

"Unable to quiet his screams, I, too, was forced to go, necessitating a second pause in the service.

"Then it occurred to our guest that he had locked the house and retained the key. The doctor would be unable to get either his case or his instruments. To save delay he thought'best to take the key at once, so he hastened from the church, while there was a third pause on the minister's

"When we reached home doctor was | the chief could answer, the crowding swinging idly in the hammock. 'Why! Why!' exclaimed the un- the circde of firelit space strode the sophisticated cousin, "didn't you have fur-trader, his mottled face purple, his a hurry call to an accident case or mustache bristling. One moment he

something?" "'Oh, no,' yawned the M. D., 'just the latter stepped back recolling fid not dream that I was here—I, Rene course to allow them to pass out of my old Swedish patient in New Got. against mademoiselle, all his audacity D'Auvray, mensieur-to face you. You the church. Realizing that his father land phoned to know if he could have gone. Lappin laughed, the cruel oche are afraid of me; yes you are—it is in | was leaving him behind, the baby, al- a lectle sugar in his coffee!"—Kan- of it treaking the ellence.

and I possessed some idea of where I wished to go. I found it with a dozen quick steps, and, even as the first wild scream of discovery burst from the red throats, I crept in behind a decaying log, at the very edge of the opening, and trust my rifle barrel across the rotten bark. Deliberately, coolly, with full determination to act, I drew bead on the red jacket. They were not five yards away, ad-

vancing straight toward the startled group of chiefs, the girl slightly in advance, the firelight on her uplifted face, the white crucifix gleaming in her hands. The Englishman, a step behind, his first mad anger already dying, walked like a criminal, with age, and will. There is only one thing lowered head, and eyes glancing furtively aside. Even by then the treacherous cowardice of him had returned. At sight of his face I cocked my ly before she had reached the second weapon, every nerve taut as a bow shelf she was seated on the floor, a string, breathing through clinched pile of books about her, the soiled teeth. and sullenly. "But it's little enough of what occurred in that first moment once loved novel open at her favorite -I had no eyes but for the red jacket scene. It was where Lord Ormont had I remember now the whole scene, as out his Evelina, or where the spirited if it hung painted before me, in all its Miss Bennett had dismissed the vivid coloring and rapid movement. I haughty Mr. Darcy, or where-but of an aged sultor because of what there saw the chiefs start up, grasping their there was no stopping and no dusting is in it. weapons, at the first screech of alarm, when once Miranda had fairly started a flerce intensity in their eyes. A on this dual feat of dusting her books glance at those two unarmed figures, and refreshing her memory. and they stood still, gazing at them, yet with a shadow upon the dark, scowling faces that chilled my blood. The yelling ceased; there was no sound, but the pressing forward of

bodies, and the crackle of flames. The grimly, "so don't try any tricks in the Shawnee chief, a dark, saturnine face showing under his war-bonnet, stood We came out on the shore, pausing erect with folded arms. Down the a moment to gaze out across the wa- lane of warriors, apparently oblivious to their presence. Mademoiselle came, The red and yellow flames lit up the the Englishman slouching behind. The open space fairly well, but all around crowd of figures hid for a moment the black forest wall closed in tightly. Brady and his guard, and surged in be-

There was silence; I could hear the their backs toward us I counted twen- wind in the tree cops, the restless ly. They were silent, motionless, ap- barked. Rene stopped, her hand now parently staring into the flames. The touching the soldier's sleeve, her eyes flendish yelling came from beyond, on the dark, savage face confronting from the other side of the fire, where her. A moment he stared at her, then I caught fitful glimpse of wildly danc- at the Englishman, while I held my

"Why you-here-'gain?" he asked I saw Mademotselle rise silently to in halting English, the face like her feet, but my hand only gripped bronze. "I-send you-to forest-

"Because I am a Wyandot and tween two Indians, his arms bound be- Christian," she answered, the words hind him, a bloody cloth concealing slow and distinct. "We kill warriore his jaw. He was bare-headed, his in battle, not by torture, Sis-e-te-wah. clothing rags, and he staggered slight. I come with this that I may beg your ly as he walked. An Indian struck prisoner's life. See; it is the cross

"Huh!" he grunted. "Why should

"So are the Wyandots, Sis-e-te-wah;



I Drew Back, My Rifle Lifted.

warriors, under great chiefs. Yet they am the daughter of the White Chief." Shawnee dare place a hand on me."

"Tis so," he answered gravely. "I know-but not my-young men. It best you go-I speak true-the white I can get for them." man will die-it has been decidedthe Shawnees know not-your Godthe God of the Long Robes-the white man dies."

"But he came in peace, not war; he was a messenger to the Wyandots." The chief had stepped back, and lifted his hand, but now he stood

statue-like before her. "He great hunter-he warrior-we have-met in-battle. He kill warriors-my tribe-now he die-it is spoken. Sis-e-te-wah listen-no more. "But you must! you shall!" she in-"'Tis not the Wyandots alone sisted. who say this. You may refuse me; you may disregard the cross I bear, but you dare not disobey the word of the English-of the great chief across the water. If you will not heed the word of a squaw, listen to this mana warrior of the Red Coats."

"I know him not," coldly, "nor care what he-says. He nothing-to Sis-ete-wah-why he-come here?" outrage; he speaks for the Great Chief. Tis best the Shawnees listen Now,

monsieur." man stood alone, facing the grim-faced my opinion of it. Shawnee. "You say you know not who I am.

I will tell you; you and your warriors.

am an officer of England, an aide to Hamilton. Will you hear me now?" There was silence, profound breathless; the bold defiance had fallen upon them like a blow. Then, before even ring of Indians was broken, and into glowered into the soldier's face, and

........................ WHEN MIRANDA FORGOT

By CONSTANCE NESSLER.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* "I mustn't postpone dusting them another minute," said Miranda, as she opened her bookcase door in order to find room for a new volume and noticed how the tops of the old ones were covered by a layer of dust.

With Miranda the dusting of books was a prolonged and serious ordeal, usually attended with much sentimental reminiscence. She couldn't merely wips the dear backs and faces of her favorite volumes without renewing acquaintance with them. General-I cannot say that I saw much duster lying by her side and some -and yet I must have perceived it all. confessed his inability to exist with-

This morning she banged the book backs and flirted her duster without a pause until she reached the George Eliot shelf, and noticed a telltale va- the proverbial office that seeks the cancy in that beloved set.

"It's 'Daniel Deronda' that has gone," wailed Miranda as she carefully dusted the top of each volume after giving it a bang that was enough to bring all the characters to life again. 'And I know who has it. I loaned it over a year ago to Lina Helft, and though I have seen her a dozen times since then she has never mentioned the book. And now she has moved to the suburbs and I suppose she has ty savages on the grass, their red movements, the heavy breathing of taken my book with her and will never skins and matted hair showing clear the excited savages; somewhere a dog think of it again or remember that she has broken my set.

"It is like breaking up a family to lose one out of a set," she continued, "and I think that there ought to be a special punishment devised for people who borrow books and never return



"I Wonder Who Gave It to Me."

them. Now, when I borrow a book I always read it at once and then put it on a table in plain sight so that I little son:

shall remember to return it." The fourth shelf was full of painful memories for Miranda and she hastened through the slapping and dusting process without stopping to to? peep within a single cover. The fact was that this particular fourth shelf set was a subscription set and had caused Miranda many an anxious tear. She had paid \$2 a month for it, having in a moment of bookish weakness and vanity put her name to some book agent's pledge, and there had been times when it was difficult to get the \$2, and when she was obliged to ask the agent to call again. How she hated the sight of that man and how sick she was of those books before she had

paid for them! "I suppose I ought to read them," listen to words of wisdom from a she said to herself as she gave each squaw. I am Running Water; I have of the 17 volumes a spiteful slap, "but sat in the councils of my people; I really, I know I should see that agent's face on every page. And, besides. She glanced about her proudly, looking they are the kind of book one likes to into the ring of dark faces. "I am own but doesn't care to read. They a squaw, but I am a Wyandot-no are not the sort that are what Charles Lamb called 'take downable,' and some day I mean to take them to some second-hand book store and see what

> On the fifth shelf Miranda came across a volume that did not look familiar, though the story itself was one with which she was well acquainted.

"Why, I had forgotten that I had a copy of 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' said she, as she opened the volume and glanced at the name of an old friend inscribed on the fly leaf. "Dear me! I must have borrowed this book ages ago and then, after I had read it, put it among my own books and just forgot all about it. And I don't know what has become of Elsie Braddon or whether she is Elsie Braddon now. I really don't see how I could have failed to do with this book of hers as I always do with borrowed books-that is keep them in sight antil they are returned-but I don't suppose this belongs to any set, and so it will not be missed like my 'Dantel Deronda.' But perhaps I had better keep it out and see if I cannot "To stop this deed, this dastardly look up Elsie, for though I can hardly recall the circumstances of my bortowing I have a faint recollection of Elsie's telling me that this was her She stepped aside and the English- favorite novel, and that she wanted

"Well, I suppose she has her opinior of me by this time!"-Chicago Daily Sis-e-te-wah," he said sharply. "Then News.

All Rests on Fate.

During a prolonged study of the lives of various men both great and small, I came upon this thought: "In the web of the world the one may well be regarded as the warp, the other as the woof. It is the little men, after all, who give breadth to the web, and the great men firmness and solidity, perhaps also the addition of some sort of pattern. But the scissors of the fates determine its length and to that all the rest must join in submitting



YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

What will the suffragettes do about

Many a man's color scheme in life is based on a belief that red liquor is

an antidote for the blues. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills put | life. the stomach in good condition in a short time. Try them for Sick Stom-

Gastronomic Revenge. "He laughed and said my defiance was just ple for him." "Then make him eat his words."

Harder to Get. "What's the matter, daughter?" "Father, I want a duke." "That can be arranged, my dear, was afraid you might want a baseball

Misunderstood.

pitcher."

Redd-Since he took up automobiling he says he thinks he has consumed about 10,000 gallons of gasoline. Greene-Is it possible? Why, I thought he had given up his bibulous habits!

Thinking It Over.

around that jewelry store?" it by the karat."

Senator La Follette was talking

certain corrupt railroad official. up. It's like the case of Smith.

'Where's your father?'

according to orders. "'Gone away? Humph! Where

" 'That closet there,' was the reply.' For Undesirable Vegetation. Common salt is not so effective as oil on grass and narrow-leafed vegetation, but is better than arsenite of from whose choice. soda. When the vegetation is very rank salt will be found very desir-able and should be used at the rate Red Cross Ball Blue Clothes whiter the of from two to three tons per acre. depending upon the rankness of the growth. The salt should be fine grained, free from lumps, and should be scattered very uniformly. To secure the best results, it should be made into a saturated solution, one pound being mixed with a quart and

faster than a spraying outfit. HIT THE SPOT. Postum Knocked Out Coffee Ails.

a half of water. The salt brine should

be applied by means of a sprinkling

can or sprinkler, which applies it

There's a good deal of satisfaction and comfort in hitting upon the right thing to rid one of the varied and constant ailments caused by coffee drinking.

writes an Ind. woman, "my father as the home of the world's best olives. has been a lover of his coffee, but the Only the pick of the crop is offered to continued use of it so affected his you under the Libby label. stomach that he could scarcely eat at times.

dizziness, and if I drank coffee for breakfast I would taste it all day and usually go to bed with a headache. "One day father brought home a pkg. of Postum recommended by our grocer. Mother made it according to directions on the box and it just "hit the spot." It has a dark, seal-brown color, changing to golden brown when cream is added, and a snappy taste similar to mild, high-grade coffee, and we found that its continued use speedily put an end to all our coffee ills.

"That was at least ten years ago and Postum has, from that day to this, been a standing order of father's DAISY FLY KILLER placed arywhere, at this all grocery bill.

"When I married, my husband was a great coffee drinker, although he admitted that it hurt him. When I mentioned Postum he said he did not like the taste of it. I told him I could make it taste all right. He smiled and said, try it. The result was a success, he won't have anything but Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well

boiled-15c and 25c packages. instant Postum-is a soluble pov der. Made in the cup with hot wa- FOT 5318 ter-no boiling-30c and 60c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

about the same.

Occasionally a girl accepis the hand BLINDNESS IS BOY'S FATE

Appailing Effect of Careless Action Will Be the Permanent Loss of Child's Eyesight.

Gashed across the face by a pair f scissors which a playmate thoughtlessly wielded in a reckless manner, three-year-old Thomas Inglesbry will lose the sight of both eyes. The injured boy is in a critical condition in the Polyclinic hospital, and physicians say that, even though an operation to remove the terribly lacerated optics be necessary, he will be blinded for

With several companions who were spending last evening in his home, ach, Biliousness and Indigestion. Adv. young Inglesbry was cutting strips from a newspaper to solve a picture puzzle. One of his playmates, unconscious of Inglesbry's presence, threw out the hand in which he was holding the scissors. The sharp point struck the Iglesbry boy's right eye and swept across the bridge of his nose, penetrating the other eye. Both eyeballs were almost gouged from their sockets. The wounded child's screams of agony attracted his parents, and they hurried him to the hospital.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

## ITCHED AND BURNED

Silverwood, Mich .- "My baby was about six months old when he first began to break out with little pimples on his head and face. Then they would run water and keep getting worse until his head was a regular sore erup-"What makes you keep hanging tion and water would run and stream from it and his face also. His whole "I have an idea," replied the ice body was affected. They were little man. "These jewelers have the right white pimples which itched and theory about weights. I'm going to burned something terrible. His clothquit selling ice by the pound and sell ing seemed to irritate him and it was almost impossible for him to sleep at night. They also disfigured him as

they were on his face. "We tried medicine but without sucabout the dodges and squirms of a cess. The trouble must have lasted three or four weeks when I thought 'For all his dodges and squirms," I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointsaid the senator, "the man was shown ment. I would bathe him with warm water, as warm as he could stand and "A dun entered Smith's flat, pushed Cuticura Soap, then apply the Cutiinto the parlor and said to Smith's cura Ointment. The very first time that I did this it seemed to relieve him as he slept well and inside of two "'Gone away,' the urchin answered, weeks he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. L. White, Jan. 29, 1914. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold

> free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address por" card "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."-Ac Every old maid says she is single from choice, but she doesn't tell you

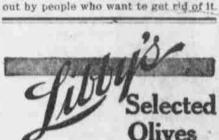
throughout the world. Sample of each

snow. All grocers. Adv.

The ball player shouldn't think so much of settling old scores as of making new ones.

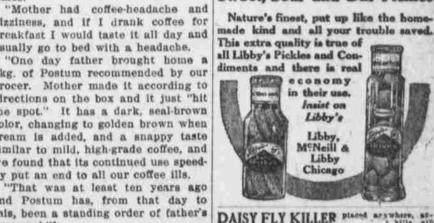
Sore Eyes, Granulated Eyelids and Sties promptly healed with Roman Kye Bai-

Most of the free advice is handed



"Ever since I can remember," Every one from Seville, long famed

Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles





"There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers.